F
127
.N8M62

Class _____

Book _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT

Niagara Falls

in Miniature

MAY 15 1896

CHICAGO.
RAND, MCNALLY & Co.
1896.

Copyright, 1895,
By O. W. Ruggles,
G. P. & T. Agt.

NIAGARA FALLS FROM FALLS VIEW STATION.

NIAGARA FALLS

IN MINIATURE.

Betwixt the Lakes Ontario and Erie, there is a vast and prodigious cadence of water, which falls down after a surprising and astounding manner; insomuch that the universe does not afford its parallel.

—*Louis Hennepin*, 1697

Michigan central railroad company

COMPLIMENTS OF

O. W. Ruggles

General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS COPYRIGHT MAY 15 1896 CITY OF WASHINGTON

CHICAGO:
RAND, McNALLY & CO.
1896.

F127
N8 M62

Of all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists travel to see,—at least of all those which I have seen,—I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. I know no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious and so powerful.

—*Anthony Trollope*

NIAGARA.

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
Grow broken midst the rocks; thy current then
Shoots onward like the irresistible course
Of Destiny. Ah, terribly they rage,— [brain
The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters; and my sight
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent. Waves innumerable
Meet there and madden,—waves innumerable
Urge on and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam.

They reach, they leap the barrier,—the abyss
Swallows insatiable the sinking waves.
A thousand rainbows arch them, and the woods
Are deafened with the roar. The violent shock
Shatters to vapor the descending sheets.
A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves
The mighty pyramid of circling mist
To heaven.

—*José Maria Heredia.*

Translated by Wm. Cullen Bryant.

There is nothing more translucently green nor more perennially still and lovely than Niagara the greater. At this, her awful brink, the whole architrave of the main abyss gleams like a fixed and glorious work wrought in polished aquamarine or emerald.

—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

ALONE WITH NATURE.

NIAGARA, November 5, 1853.

CORYDON, MY BROTHER:

I am now leaning against the trunk of an evergreen tree on a beautiful island in the midst of Niagara's foaming waters. I am alone. No breath of wind disturbs the leaves of evergreen which hang mute and motionless around me. Animated nature is silent, for the voice of God, like the "sound of many waters," is lifted up from the swathing clouds of hoary foam that rest upon the dark abyss below.

> "*Oh, fearful stream,*
> *How do thy terrors tear me from myself*
> *And fill my soul with wonder.*"

I gaze upon the broad green waters as they come placid and smooth, like firm battalions of embattled hosts, moving in steady columns, till the sloping channel stirs the depths and maddens all thy waters. Then with angry roar the legions bound along the opposing rocks, until they reach the awful

brink, where all surcharged with frantic fury, they leap bellowing down the fearful rocks which thunder back the sullen echoes of thy voice, and shout God's power above the cloudy skies! O man! Frail child of dust thou art to lift thy insect voice upon this spot where the Almighty thunders from the swelling floods that lift to heaven their hoary breath, like clouds of smoking incense. O, that the assembled millions of the earth could now behold this scene sublime and awful, and adore the everlasting God whose fingers piled these giant cliffs, and sent His sounding seas to thunder down and shout in deafening tones, "We come from out the hollow of His hand, and haste to do His bidding."

Your friend and brother,

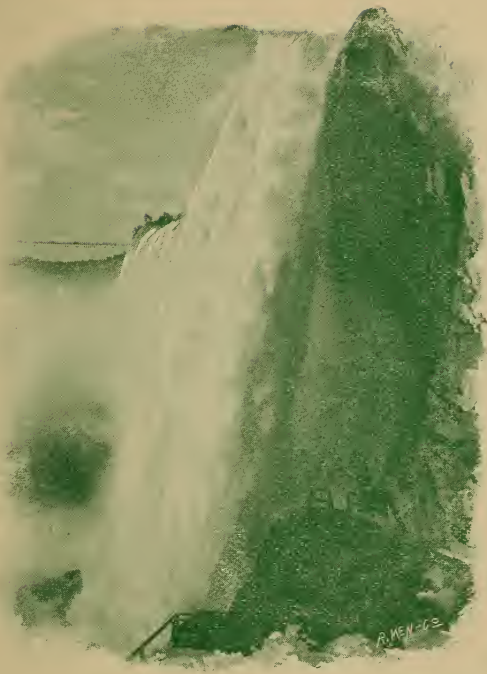
All the pictures you may see, all the descriptions you may read of Niagara, can only produce in your mind the faint glimmer of the glow-worm compared with the overpowering beauty and glory of the meridian sun.

—John J. Audubon.

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

On a blazing hot, dry day in August, two strange creatures might have been seen carefully picking their steps down a narrow path cut in the steep precipice that overlooks the whirling and hurrying waters of Niagara. They were apparently Esquimaux; and they were attended by a third person, also apparently an Esquimaux. All three wore heavy and amorphous garments of a blue woolen stuff; but these were mostly concealed by capacious oilskins. They had yellow oilskin caps tightly strapped on their heads; yellow oilskin jackets, with flapping sleeves; yellow oilskin trousers of great width, but no particular shape; and shoes of felt.

These heavy garments became less hot as the Esquimaux began to receive shooting spurts of spray from the rocks overhead; and when, following their guide, they had to stand in a shower-bath for a few seconds, while he unlocked a small and mysterious portal, the cool splashing was not at all uncomfortable. Having passed through this

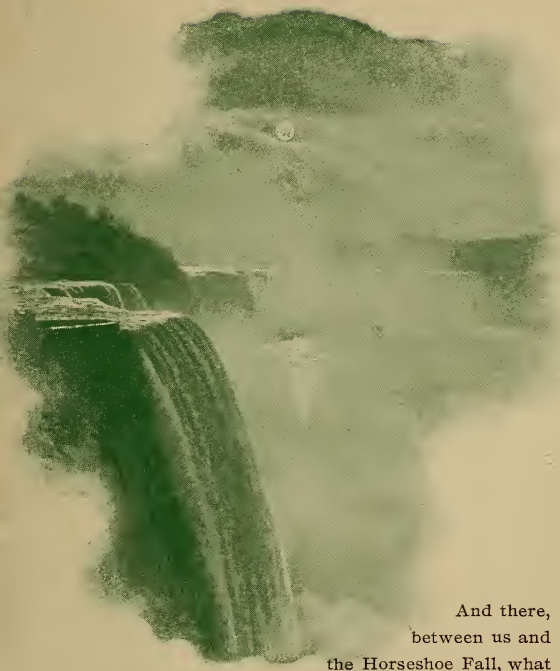


gate, they had to descend some wooden steps, and now began to receive blows on the head and blows on the shoulders, as though an avalanche of pebbles was upon them; while strange gusts of wind, blowing up from some wild cauldron below, dashed

across their faces and mouths, blinding and choking them.

Laughter sounds wild and unearthly in the thunder of the falling waters and the pistol-shots hammering on one's head. Still further down the slippery steps go these three figures; and the roar increases; and the wild gusts rage with fiercer violence, as if they would whirl these three yellow phantoms into mid-air. The last of the wooden steps is reached; the travelers are on slippery rocks; and now before them is a vast and gloomy cave, and there is a wild whirlpool of lashing water in it, and beyond it, between the travelers and the outside world is a blinding wall of water, torn by the wind into sheets of grey and white, and plunging down as if it would reach the very centre of the earth. The roar is indescribable. And how is it that the rushing currents of wind invariably sweep upward, as if to fight the falling masses of white water, and go whirling a smoke of foam all about the higher reaches of this awful cavern?

—*William Black.*



And there, between us and the Horseshoe Fall, what was *that* we saw? Was it some huge, pale ghost standing sentinel before Niagara? White, spectral, motionless, it rose up and reached towards the stars—shapeless, dim, vague as a veiled ghost. It was like a great, colossal spectre wrapped in a robe of strange, dim light.

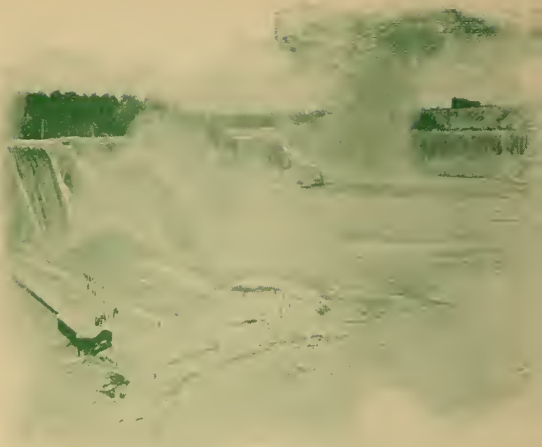
—*Lady Duffus Hardy.*

I have often looked upon those infuriated billows, which, for a mile above Niagara, spit their froth into each other's faces until the ocean below swallows their rage in its abysmal depths. Then they rise again; with resurrected fury, they tear down the narrow gorge hemmed in by the high precipitous rocks; they bellow in their rage; they shriek out in their despair; they moan in their anguish; they dash against the stoical rocks; there is no help; down into the tideless, fathomless, pitiless whirlpool they are hurled.

—*Myron W. Haynes.*

MY LAST DAY AT NIAGARA.

I sat upon Table Rock, and felt as if suspended in the open air. Never before had my mind been in such perfect unison with the scene. There were intervals, when I was conscious of nothing but the great river, rolling calmly into the abyss, rather descending than precipitating itself, and acquiring tenfold majesty from its unhurried motion. It came like the march of Destiny. It was not taken by surprise, but seemed to have anticipated, in all its course through the broad lakes, that it must pour their collected waters down this height. The perfect foam of the river, after its descent, and the ever-varying shapes of mist, rising up, to become clouds in the sky, would be the very picture of confusion, were it merely transient, like the rage of a tempest. But when the beholder has stood awhile, and perceived no lull in the storm, and considers that the vapor and the foam are as everlasting as the rocks which produce them, all this turmoil assumes a sort of calmness. It soothes, while it awes the mind. —*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*



No pen picture could do justice to the wonderful scenery about the falls. The ice mountain is enormous; the park and islands, while difficult to traverse, are weirdly beautiful. At the brink of the American Falls are huge ice mounds, anchored undoubtedly to some jutting rock, and looking as though they were about to topple over every instant. The rocky walls of the gorge are masses of ice of fantastic designs. Every tree and shrub is incased in a marble-like coat of ice.

—*Buffalo Express.*

NIAGARA IN WINTER.

I have seen the Falls in all weathers and in all seasons, but to my mind the winter view is most beautiful. I saw them first during the hard winter of 1854, when a hundred cataracts of ice hung from the cliffs on either side, when the masses of ice brought down from Lake Erie were together at the foot, uniting the shores with a rugged bridge, and when every twig of every tree and bush on Goat Island was overlaid an inch deep with a coating of solid crystal. The air was still and the sun shone in a cloudless sky. The green of the fall, set in a landscape of sparkling silver, was infinitely more brilliant than in summer, when it is balanced by the trees, and the rainbows were almost too glorious for the eye to bear. I was not impressed by the sublimity of the scene, nor even by its terror, but solely by the fascination of its wonderful beauty. With each succeeding visit Niagara has grown in height, in power, in majesty, in solemnity; but I have seen its climax of beauty.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

Niagara is indeed a wonder of the world, and not the less wonderful, because time and thought must be employed in comprehending it. Casting aside all preconceived notions, and preparation to be dire-struck or delighted, the beholder must stand beside it in the simplicity of his heart, suffering the mighty scene to work its own impression. Night after night, I dreamed of it, and was gladdened every morning by the consciousness of a growing capacity to enjoy it.

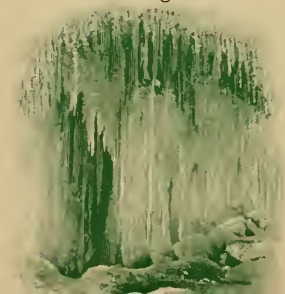
—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

NIAGARA'S POWER.

The strongest and most enduring impression produced upon the minds of most visitors to Niagara is the sense of its resistless power. The ordinary flow of water over the falls has been conservatively estimated at two hundred and seventy thousand cubic feet per second, and its daily force something more than seven millions horse-power, enough, could it be applied, to operate all the manufacturing establishments of this country. To utilize some proportion of this immense power has been attempted for a century, but not until the possibility of its transmission by electricity has it been attempted upon a gigantic scale. For more than three years over a thousand men were constantly employed in the construction of a tunnel from a point about a mile above the falls to an outlet just below the Suspension foot bridge. Into the immense wheel-pits were sunk turbines far surpassing in size and power any previously constructed, each crowned by a Titanic mushroom of a dyn-

amo, by means of which the power obtained is transmuted into electrical force.

The faith shown by the great capitalists in this gigantic undertaking has been fully justified by the recent successful operation of the completed plant. Besides the development of the City of Niagara Falls, a great industrial town, Echota, is in process of construction, and the whole interior of New York State is beginning to anticipate an era of tremendous industrial activity. If the daring promises of Nikola Tesla, the greatest electrician of the world, are fulfilled, it will be found possible "to place a hundred thousand horse-power on a wire and send it four hundred and fifty miles in one direction to New York, the metropolis of the East, and five hundred miles in the other direction to Chicago, the metropolis of the West, and serve the purposes and supply the wants of these greatest urban communities."



TO SEE NIAGARA.

Niagara offers many scenes of marvelous beauty, of great variety, and of striking picturesqueness, that one should see under the varying conditions of sunlight and shadow, calm and storm, and under the silvery moonlight. Every mile of Niagara River, from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, especially from the Rapids above the Falls to the end of the gorge at Lewiston and Queenston, is filled with interesting and charming scenes. However long the traveler may linger, new beauties and new points of interest will present themselves, and the greater will be his appreciation of this wonderful scene.

He has seen a grand sight who has looked out from Falls View, where the Michigan Central trains stop, but let him not think he has yet seen Niagara Falls, for the great cataract is many-sided, and should be seen from all points. The tourist will never know its majestic grandeur until he has stood below and

seen its flood of waters pour from the very vault of heaven. He will never know Niagara's power until he has passed behind its watery veil and felt the buffeting of its prisoned air, or stood beside the Whirlpool Rapids, and felt the utter impotence of man. He will never know its indescribable beauty until he has watched the very center of the Horseshoe and wooed the spirit of the waters, or wandered in the wooded aisles of Goat Island, or by the fairy cascades of the Three Sisters. He will never understand its wonderful voice until he has stood at the foot of the Great Horseshoe, and listened to its thunder, that Eugene Thayer, the famous organist, declared was "not a roar, but the divinest music on earth."

The banks of the river upon either side of the Falls have been reserved by the Ontario and New York State Governments as free public parks, so that the expense of a visit to Niagara has been shorn of exorbitant charges. The hotel accommodations at

Niagara are ample, excellent in quality, and reasonable in price. On the Canadian side is the Clifton House, open from May 1st to November 1st. On the American side the International and Cataract are open from May to about the first of November, while the Kaltenbach, the Prospect House and other hotels are open the year round.

A visit to the Cave of the Winds, with guide and dress, costs a dollar, and the similar trip under the Horseshoe Falls, on the Canada side, fifty cents; the round trip on the inclined railway costs ten cents, and upon the Maid of the Mist, fifty cents. The toll over the new Suspension Foot and Carriage Bridge is ten cents in one direction, or fifteen cents for the round trip. The rate for vehicles is regulated by the number of passengers. The hack fares at Niagara Falls are regulated by law and are very reasonable, while vans make the tour of the entire State Reservation, with the privilege of stopping off at any point of interest, for twenty-five cents.

Besides the Lewiston Branch of the New York Central, an electric railway on either

side of the river affords splendid opportunities to see the river, including the rapids, the falls, the whirlpool, and the gorge in detail and to the best advantage. That on the Canada side runs from Chippawa, on the Niagara Division of the Michigan Central, through the Queen Victoria Park, past the Horseshoe Fall and along the brink of the gorge, by the whirlpool, to Brock's Monument on Queenston Heights where the slope is descended to the steamer dock at Queenston. The line is 13½ miles long, and the rate from Chippawa to Queenston forty cents, or seventy-five cents for the round trip.

On the American side the cars start from the Soldiers' Monument at the foot of Falls Street and gradually descend the gorge just

above the Cantaliver Bridge. From this point to Lewiston the river bank is closely followed but a few feet above the water, passing directly by the Whirlpool Rapids, the Whirlpool itself, and the long succession of the lower rapids, emerging from the gorge opposite Queenston Heights. The fare one way is thirty cents (less than was formerly charged to descend to the Whirlpool Rapids alone), or sixty cents for the round trip. The fare by the Lewiston Branch of the New York Central is thirty-two cents one way and sixty cents for the round trip, excepting from June 1st to September 30th, when the one way rate is twenty cents, and for the round trip twenty-five cents.

MAP OF
NIAGARA FALLS
AND VICINITY
SHOWING LINES OF THE
MICHIGAN CENTRAL
"The Niagara Falls Route."
Clifton Sta.
CLIFTON
Niagara Falls P.O.
CENTRAL
MAGDELEN ST.
CLIFTON ST.
Niagara Falls Sta.
FERRY
RIVER
Clifton House
Principal Cataract
Office
MICHIGAN
PARK
Jolly Cut
Viagara House
Tower
Cave of the Winds
Middle Stairs
GOAT ISLAND
Table Rock
Falls View Sta.
MICH. CENTRAL
to Chicago
QUEEN VICTORIA
CEDAR ID.
BROTHER-I

Susp. Bridge Sta.
SUSPENSION
BRIDGE
N
MAIN ST.
LOCKPORT AVE.
PORTAGE
RAILROAD
CENTRAL
NIAGARA
FALLS
Water Tower
PINE AVE.
WALNUT AVE.
FERRY
FRONT
NIAGARA
Sally's Jefferson Hotel
Niagara Falls Sta.
Hotel Imperial
Canal
ERIE
MICHIGAN CENTRAL
to Buffalo and the East
Prospect House
Hotel Kaltenbach
JEFFERSON AVE.
BUFFALO AVE.
DUKE ST.
Power Tunnel
Power Station
RIVERWAY
Port Day
Niagara Falls Paper Company
Inlet to Tunnel
GRASS I.
R.
OF STATE RESERVATION AT NIAGARA

PRINCIPAL HOTELS AT NIAGARA FALLS.

NAME.	LOCATION.	PER DAY.
Clifton House,	On Canada Side,	$4.00&up
International,	Falls and Main,	3.00–5.00
Prospect House,	Second&Union,	3.00–4.50
Cataract House,	Main & Bridge,	4.50 & up
Hotel Kaltenbach,	24 Buffalo St.,	3.00
Tower Hotel,	309 Canal St.,	2.00
Hotel Imperial,	Falls & Second,	2.50–4.00
Niagara Falls House,	338 Main St.,	2.00
Hotel Porter,	116 Falls St.,	2.50–4.00
Columbia Hotel,	First and Niagara,	2.00
Niagara House,	412 Main St.,	2.00
Harvey House,	327 Third St.,	2.00
Salt's New Hotel,	355 Second St.,	2.00
Maley House,	723 Third St.,	2.00
United States Hotel,	Falls & Second,	2.00
Temperance House,	324 Second St.,	1.50 & up
Cosmopolitan,	223 Niagara St.,	2.00
Hotel Atlantique,	Main and Niagara,	2.00
Colonade Hotel,	221 Niagara St.,	2.00
European Hotel,	340 Riverway,	2.00
Falls Hotel,	312 Main St.,	2.00
Hotel Schwartz,	16 Falls St.,	1.00

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

0 014 221 242 0